UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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CHINA!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
GILBERT REID
ANNA LOUISE STRONG
DOREMUS SCUDDER
SHU CHAI
DOROTHY ROWE
FREDERICK STARR

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part III. Chapters XVII and XVIII

By M. K. GANDHI

The Enchanted Month

By H. S. N.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, AUGUST 8, 1927 NUMBER 19

CHINA

"In so far as the Chinese is not very individualized, one may say that he is on a lower level of nature than we are. . . . But equally certainly, we have gone less far than they have in culture, for this depends upon the degree to which a given natural condition has been developed. In cultural accomplishment the Chinese is the most advanced man; the whole of his natural disposition is transfused with spirit, and its expression seems perfect everywhere. Thus, the example of China proves something more: that culture belongs to a different dimension from progress. It proves yet another thing: that ultimately everything depends upon education in its widest sense, because on and in spite of his low natural level, the Chinese has approached more nearly than we have done hitherto to the realization of the ideal of humanity.

"Accordingly, the nature of the Chinese represents on the one hand, a rest from past stages of development, and, on the other, an anticipation of the ideal of the future. For me there can be no doubt that the most highly developed individuals of future times will be nearer to the traditional Confucian than to the modern man, that the social order of the future will be more akin to that of the Chinese than what is hoped for by our Utopians."

—Count Herman Keyserling, in
The Travel Diary of a Philosopher

If you look profoundly into Europe, (says M. Lucien Romier, a distinguished historian) you will see that she is being submitted to the pressure of two great influences, the influence of Asia and the influence of the United States. Now by a paradox, which is paradoxical in appearance only, it is Asia who brings us revolution and America who recalls us to tradition.

This impresses us as a most profound statement. At bottom is the observation that Europe has definitely and finally fallen from her position of primacy in the world's civilization. "The fate of the universe," says Mr. Felix Valyi, editor of the *Review of Nations*, "is no longer in the hands of the European races." From being master, Europe has become victim of forces which now lie elsewhere. On the one hand is America, for long the hope of the world as the promise of a higher destiny for mankind. America's influence during the past one hundred years has been great, and on the whole beneficent. But now she is reaching maturity, as M. André Siegfried points out in his remarkable book, "America Comes of Age." She is putting up defenses against strange and intrusive forces from without (see her immigration laws!); she has established, and is imposing her own traditions; she is gaining power, and using it to her own aggrandizement. America seems fated at the moment to become the last and mighty bulwark in the world of political and economic reaction. On the other hand, however, is Asia, with Russia as the vanguard of her approach to Europe and the West. When Russia brought off her revolution and was repelled by Europe, she turned to her native East, and there sought the fulfillment of her destiny. Whether she can be won back is doubtful, as it is doubtful whether Europe is yet intelligent enough to want to win her back. But in any case it is Asia. with India and especially China rumbling and flaming like volcanoes, which gives mankind the revolutionary promise of a new and greater liberation. The future would seem to be America against Asia, with Europe helplessly torn by the contention between the two for mastery.

In Asia, it is China which at the moment stands in the forefront of the world's attention. India, after a period of tremendous upheaval, is quiet, perfecting herself by internal reforms and disciplines for another great revolutionary movement for independence. China, knowing her own recurring intervals of eruption and subsidence during the last two decades, is now one burst of flame, consuming all things alien in the lava-like flow of her nationalistic spirit. In this vast awakening and throwing off of shackles, there is much to regret, as there was in Russia and has been in every such uprising against oppression. Revolutions, after all, are not nice things; like earthquakes, they seldom improve the landscape. Thus, in China we see the selfish rivalry of military chieftains, the brutal executions of hostile leaders, the wild ravings of bandit hordes over deserted areas of country. Especially regrettable is the split between the Hankow and Nanking wings of the triumphant Cantonese, with the possibility of civil war following hard upon liberation. Much of this disturbance and violence are the inevitable accompaniments of the break-up of a social surface hard-caked by centuries of inertia. More of it, we are persuaded, is the consequence of deliberate interference by alien forces, from which China asks nothing save to be delivered. On the one side is Russia, naturally

and skilfully seeking to turn to her advantage a nationalistic revolution so near akin in many ways to her own. On the other side, and much more serious, are the machinations of Great Britian and Japan, seeking to destroy or turn aside a movement which, if successful, must swallow up all their precious holdings in the Celestial Kingdom. Of course, at bottom, whatever the confusion and horrors, nothing can permanently stop or defeat the Cantonese war for liberation. However much divided among themselves, and whatever waves of chaos follow in their wake, the Nationalists are going to sweep on to great and final victory. Peking will soon fall, and in this triumph, as Anna Louise Strong has forecast in these columns, contentious groups may well find the means of reconciliation. But whether or no, a new chapter of Chinese history has begun—China is henceforth free, and the western powers cast out forevermore.

Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, a noted pacifist, is quoted in the newspapers as saying that the Chinese have rightly taken up the sword, because in no other way could they gain their independence and reestablish their national dignity. Whether Dr. Jefferson actually said just this we do not know—it certainly does not sound like him! But, whether or no, others are saying it, and believing it. The Chinese revolution, in other words, like the Russian revolution before it, is giving new wings to the gospel of force and violence. To us the argument is faulty, being based utterly on expediency which we hold to be no true or righteous basis for any program of human conduct. But, granted that it is sound! What then? The Chinese are unquestionably going to oust all foreign control from their borders, and, after a longer or shorter period of internecine strife, to take their place among the great nations of the earth. Having won their new dignity and power by military force, they will thereupon depend upon military force for their continued safety and happiness. Exactly like Japan, in other words, the Chinese will become a thoroughly militarized people. In another generation, the four hundred millions of people in China will be armed to the teeth. In due order, China will make common cause with Japan, to make the world safe for Eastern peoples as over against an armed, aggressive, and arrogant Europe, and we shall have the stage all set for the great and final war between West and East. This is what China's resort to arms at this moment means to the world in the not distant future. To what extent does this mean happiness or safety for the Chinese, or for anybody else? The Chinese people, mind you, are not to be blamed. They have learned the Christian gospel, so admirably taught them by missionaries with gunboats and marines at their backs, and are now not only following but bettering their instruction. But the destiny of an armed Christendom is now written for all to see, is it not? What did 1914 teach if not the ancient truth that "all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword?" Surely, there is a better way. Gandhi sees it in India enslaved to Britain, as Jesus saw it in Palestine enslaved to Rome. Let the Chinese, or the Indian, or any other people, put the same massed power into a great non-resistant non-cooperation movement, that they put into blood and iron, and they would gain the same end peacefully. Meanwhile, since it is sword against sword, may the Chinese sword win!

We are used to a railroad strike, and have found how to get along without traffic over the steel rails. A gasoline strike, however, such as fell upon Chicago a while ago, is something new. And if the Chicago experience is any sample, a stoppage of gas comes as near to being a stoppage of civilization as anything of which we can think. It takes an experience of this kind to wake us up to a realization of how the developments of the last few years have made us absolutely dependent, not only for pleasure and comfort but for very life itself, upon an engine and a fuel which were unknown a generation ago. With the temporary closing of the gasoline stations, Chicago was in a few hours on the way to become a dead city. Which means that this explosive liquid, next only to food and drink, is the prime necessity of modern life. This raises a thousand interesting questions—among others, what will happen when the gasoline supply is exhausted, or becomes suddenly scarce and therefore expensive? It has been estimated that the present known areas of gas production will last not longer than a generation, or even less. A stoppage of the incalculable waste now characteristic of the industry may double this estimated period. New reservoirs, also, may be tapped at any time. On the other hand, the capacity of existing areas may be grossly exaggerated, as in the case of the famous Teapot Dome, which is now known to contain no such oceans of gasoline as was once wildly imagined. Whatever the situation, the supply of this precious fluid is certainly limited, and the moment it begins to slacken, we shall be face to face with a crisis greater, perhaps, than civilized man has ever met before. The human race is infinitely adaptable. It still remains true that "necessity is the mother of invention." A new fluid for the explosive engine may be discovered or created at the right moment. But it is well to be reminded, all the same, that the explosive engine has become more universally and completely the beating heart of social life than ever the steam engine was, and that gasoline is the blood which feeds its valves. The conservation of this product is a public policy of the first order of importance.

A book has just apeared which will, in another number of UNITY and in another department, pass under review. Mr. Stuart Chase is again in collaboration with a fellow-technician in exposing the waste of our boasted system of production and distribution. This time the focus of attack is advertising. Thoughtful citizens have long known that something like this book, "Your Money's Worth," had to appear. It is to the great honor of the Macmillan Company that they have the courage to publish it. The New York *Times* is not behind-hand in honestly reviewing it. But throughout the periodical press generally one cannot fail to listen for the roaring and billowing silence which the reading public has come to expect when the citadel and shrine of the advertiser is attacked. What an enormous transformation would result from downright honesty in the manufacture and distribution of commodities, not only in the production and sale of goods, but also in the aims and methods of conducting the country's publishing business! We live in an atmosphere of buncombe. We eat buncombe, wash our teeth with it, pour it into the bearings of our household machinery, sleep on it at night, and are buried in an aurora borealis of it when we die. There had to come a revolt. It is inconceivable that a book of complete exposure like this should not have appeared sooner or later. The only reason it has not appeared before is because nobody has had the honesty and courage to print it. The whole periodical press, dailies, weeklies, monthlies, all which could possibly attain so wide a circulation as materially to affect or reflect public opinion, has been caught in the one grand conspiracy of deception. The deception in advertising has become so universal and so flagrant that it no longer deceives. Everybody has long been conscious that the advertising fraternity have us all buncoed; the only doubt which could linger in the minds of any of us was just how far the deception was proceeding. Shoddiness and veneer and gaudy labels have become a national badge. Brave persons have now laid hands on the false thing. Everybody lend a hand!

The new *Ile de France* is provocative of philosophy. This magnificent palace of the French Steamship Line is afloat. It is entrusted to a more volatile element than were the hanging gardens of Babylon. For that famous park did not hang at all; it rose high into the air but was based solidly upon the earth. This magnificent palace has naught between it and the abyss except the unflagging cunning of human skill in navigation. Man long since risked his life on the deep, but now he dares what he has often demonstrated that he esteems dearer than life, his treasure. And what treasure this is! It is enough to turn Cleopatra green with envy, and Nebuchadnezzar would fall down in a faint. Its art shames the magnificence of the Borgias and the de Medicis. And it is for everybody. Everybody who can pay the price! That, to be sure, is a staggering limitation even in these days of normalcy and "universal" prosperity. But "the public" slips in under the barrier. The son of Tony, the bootblack, after a successful career as a building contractor, may voyage in its magnificence to view the ancestral vineyard near Napoli. The Serbian peasant may draw upon accretions from his patent rights, and visit, by way of its grandeur, the haunts of his boyhood in the Balkans. The barrier shuts out many a descendant of the voyagers of the Mayflower, to be sure, but he has his compensations; he basks in glory which was not once Greece and grandeur which was not once Rome. He has had his day, his father's day. It is now the day of Michael and Tony's son. Though the magnificence of the *Ile de France* is not free as the sunrise and the sheen of the mountain peaks, it is ready to be captured by democracy. No snobbish aristocrat has carved "Caveat Canem" upon the threshold. The lackeys who stand on guard are not there to oppose the stranger's entrance, but to show him the way, to punch his ticket bought at an open counter. And it all floats; that is the marvel. The modern man risks his dearest treasure on the volatile elements for the sake of movement. He must move, move, move! Already he risks ever richer treasure on a yet more volatile element. Ships of the air will soon rival in magnificence the voyagers of the deep, and they pass in far swifter movement. Move, move! Moderns must move!

The Chinese Revolution

We publish this week a special "Chinese Number" of our paper. In addition to Anna Louise Strong's intimate letters from the field, now appearing as a regular feature of UNITY, we present herewith a set of articles from various correspondents in China which we regard as of high interest and importance. These articles are written from the standpoint of different experiences; they do not always agree on matters central in the present problem of China. But they are all written by men who know the country and the people, and who are moved by a profound sympathy with the general movement of liberation.

Events which have followed the Great War are breath-taking in their immensity as they are world-shaking in their violence. The Russian Revolution—the most momentous event our western world has known since the French Revolution of a century and a quarter ago; the creation of new nationalisms—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia; the rise of Fascism and its dictator, Mussolini; the new Mexico,

rising by the agonizing process of revolution from the dead feudalism of an enslaved and superstitious past into the living democracy of modern times; the transformation of the British realm from an empire into a commonwealth of free peoples; the uprising of India, under the inspired leadership of Mahatma Gandhi; and now China, stirring slowly yet terribly, like the awaking Gulliver among amazed and frightened Lilliputians! When, in any period of similar brevity, has man seen such far-flung and utterly tremendous events? This is incomparably the most stupendous era in human history—think of the thrill of living in such an age! And of all things that have happened, or are happening, what surpasses that which is now going on in China? Even the Russian upheaval seems secondary from the standpoint of fundamental and permanent importance. The Chinese war is perhaps the climactic event of this climactic period of recorded time.

See what is involved in the movement now under full headway in China! First of all, the greatest single mass of human beings on this planet—something like 500,000,000 of humans, representing between a quarter and a third of the total population of the globe!

Secondly, this mass of people unified in experience, temperament, language, culture, religion, beyond any other great people in the world! The United States is a congeries of nationalities and races drawn from all quarters of the globe; the civilization of Alabama is as different from that of Pennsylvania or North Dakota as the civilization of Norway or Finland is different from that of Roumania. Russia, as the federal organization of the Soviet Republic so beautifully typifies, is an aggregate of different races and cultures, having little in common save a common experience of communal life upon the land, and a common tradition of subjection to church and state. The problem of India is that of internal division—between hostile states, hostile religions, hostile social classes. But China is one! Excepting on the borders, or in certain strange lost places, the people are the same everywhere. They represent a single experience of the ages past, and in our time a single deposit of tradition and culture.

Again, this tradition and culture are the oldest known to man. Egypt may outrun it, but Egypt lives today but as an echo, or a shadow. Of all living peoples on the earth, the Chinese go back the farthest into the dim vistas of the past. When Egypt was, these people were. When Greece was young and Rome not yet a name, these people were already venerable with time. No other such instance of survival is known to history. "How do you explain it," asked an American of Minister Wu, the incomparably wise and witty Chinese ambassador of a generation ago. "Easy enough," replied the sage Celestial, with a sparkle in his eye; "simply one more demonstration of the law of the survival of the fittest." All the world laughed when it heard this *bon mot*. But what then, to us blithe westerners, seemed but a clever jest, is now taking on the guise of sober truth. Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, G. Lowes Dickinson, Count Keyserling, what are they all assenting to but the opinion that the Chinese have come nearer to finding the real secret of life than any other people in the world?

It is this enormous, unified, ancient race which is now quivering in every nerve and fibre of its organism with new and active life. What is happening? What is going to happen? What does it all mean?

We are an ignoramus in all details of Chinese affairs today. But we seem to see, in the light of past experience and of eternal human nature, certain things which are as inevitable as the tidal flows of ocean.

First, China is now awaking from a dark ages of its life, as Europe awoke from the Dark Ages of the fifth to the twelfth century of the Christian era. In China today, as in Europe yesterday, an old, deep-rooted, closely-woven growth of feudal life is being blasted and torn to bits by a great new growth of strange and wonderful promise. The Renaissance, in other words, has come to China, and with it the break-up of ancient systems, long wars and vast confusions, the travail of new birth. Read European history in the light of Spengler's law of cycles, and it all becomes plain.

As, in this vast awakening to itself, China is throwing off all old encumbrances and servitudes, the present movement means, in the second place, the end, definitely and forever, of western exploitations of the Chinese people. The days of empire and its so-called "concessions" is over. The sooner England, France, Japan, America, find this out, the better. If they fail to find it out, and resist the sweep of destiny, they will plunge mankind into an ultimate war as much greater than the Great War as the world is greater than Europe. And then, in the end, they will fail, as the Holy Roman Empire, and the Roman Catholic Church together failed to stay the coming of modern times. China is destined henceforth to be free.

Again, as China is getting rid of alien economic exploitation, so is she getting rid of alien religious exploitation. We mean by this that Christianity in China, as we have known it in the past in terms of missions and missionaries, has come to the end of its story. The Chinese are through with listening to the myth of the Lord Christ and salvation in his name alone. The Bible, along with the sword and the dollar, has got to go! China proposes to be *free*, thank you! And "free" means free in soul as well as in body.

Lastly—the future? The new China—what will she be? The responsibility of western ideas, western trade, and western religion, for what is happening in

China today, is very great. Does this mean that China, like Japan before her, will adopt the western type of life, which means that dread combination of capitalism and militarism which is now dooming us to destruction? Or will China, like Russia, turn her back upon this western horror, and seek, at however heavy a price, a better way? On the answer to this question hangs the fate not of China only, but of India, and of Asia, and ultimately of all mankind. Hence our hope that Russian example and Russian influence, whatever their faults and failings, may predominate in Chinese affairs!

Can Asia escape the doom of Europe? This, as Gandhi has so clearly seen, is the one most momentous question of this hour. The answer is being spoken today in China. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

China's Long Travail

[Editorial Correspondence]

Alas, suffering, distracted China!

During the forty-five years which I have had in China, I have learned to admire China's teachings, her moral ideas, her social amenities, and the great underlying principles of her form of government. Alas, China today seems to be in a more perilous and pitiable condition than at any time during these years since I first came to China. This is of China as a whole, not of any one point. The Chinese people, even more than China as a state, are enduring great misfortunes. I fear that her sufferings will increase.

Early after my arrival France opened hostilities with China. China's new navy acted creditably. My sympathies were with the Chinese. They were not victorious, neither were they defeated. I felt it to be unjust that through an agreement of compromise China had to yield the southern section of her territory to France.

China's next war was with Japan. My sympathies were again entirely with the Chinese. The highest of the Chinese officials responded to my feelings of friendship. China was compelled to make a treaty granting an indemnity and transferring territory. I had regretted all this but soon saw that China's defeat and disgrace would open her eyes to the need of moral and political reform. The reform movement under the leadership of capable educated Chinese began at once, until in 1898 the speed was so great that it brought about a reaction and the reassumption of power by the Empress Dowager. My sympathies were with the Chinese reformers.

The next great conflict was the Boxer Uprising when the Imperial government made use of the Boxers to join with the army to wage war on the rest of the world. Those in authority committed great folly and almost ruined the dynasty. I had more of regret than of indignation as to what took place. In a conversation with several leaders I saw that they were really actuated by a patriotic motive, but nonetheless the Boxer movement was the supreme folly of the centuries. Fortunately for China, this Boxer craze was limited to north China. In control of the Yangtze provinces were two strong viceroys, Liu Kwen-yi and Chang Chih-tung, while Li Hung-chang was viceroy of Kwangtung and Kwangsi. They were instrumental not only in preserving peace in their own borders but in helping to save China and the Manchu dynasty.

The next war was between Japan and Russia, mostly fought on Chinese soil. My sympathies were not so much with Russia or with Japan as with China, since I realized that complications would arise whatever the issue of the war.

The next time of confusion was the first Revolution of 1911-12. My sympathy was for the preservation of the traditional idea of monarchy, not autocratic but liberal and constitutional, with a nominal Manchu emperor but with a strong Chinese premier. When the revolution became a crusade by establishing a republic and nothing else seemed possible, my desire henceforth to the present has been to see China make a success of her republic. Too many other revolutions and too much continued civil strife have made it impossible for a republic to be established within these fifteen years. I have regretted all this needless strife, whether it is directed by Chinese against Chinese or against foreigners. I have been interested in no special party nor limited my sympathies to any one sections of the country; I have wished to see China as a whole at peace and prosperous.

Right in the midst of civil strife, and really as an encouragement to such strife and the stronger faith in militarism, came the entrance of China into the European war. My sympathies were with China as against the dominating allied nations, for I felt that it was to the advantage of China that she remain neutral and also remain at peace. My sympathies also went out to the Germans living in China, for I thought that they, as well as the Chinese people, should not be made to suffer because of the actions of governments at home. I favored China and all foreign nations remaining on a basis of equality, and I opposed the enmity of one foreign nation being extended to another foreign nation out here in China in the eyes of the Chinese.

As soon as the war came to an end China saw how she was being neglected by the Allies. Civil strife in China began with new vigor and has continued to the present. The greatest of all is the warfare that is going on now between the Nationalist forces on the one side and the northern army on the other. Alas, alas, China today is in a worse plight than at any time during these forty-five years, worse even than during the Boxer cataclysm of 1900. The great mass of the Chinese people are to be pitied. The calamities that are befalling the Chinese people, Chinese merchants, and nearly all foreigners living in the southern provinces are beyond calculation. Foreigners everywhere have no general security for their lives and property. These facts find no parallel in China during the last half century. GILBERT REID.

Shanghai, China.

Letters From China

The Historic Conference at Chengchow

Just back from a trip to the military zone where I was present during the historic conference of Chengchow. Perhaps you in America haven't realized it yet, but it will go down in Chinese Nationalist history as a turning point, perhaps a bigger one than we now know. It was the meeting place of nationalist forces from the south and the northwest, towards which in a concerted program they have been moving for a year. They met on the Central Plain of Honan, south of the Yellow River, and divided up future campaigns between them. The southern armies have now turned south again, to consolidate the provinces they have won and clear out bandits; while Feng and Governor Yen of Shansi carry on the taking of Peking and the forming of government in the north.

It was an astonishing conference; just 42 hours after Feng's train pulled into the station,—to a deafening roar of bugles, fire-crackers and shouted slogans, we were told: "Pack up; our train goes this afternoon; the conference is over." We were stunned; it was so quick that we feared the conference had ended in failure. Not a bit of it. They had adopted a joint military plan of action, reorganized Feng's army, started the Cantonese south already, formed three provincial government's for Honan, Shansi and Kansu, (all under the Nationalist Government in Hankow), formed a sub-Political Bureau for the three provinces jointly, and appointed a railway administration to open the railways for normal traffic as soon as possible. . . . They had worked night and day, some 34 hours out of the 42, but even so it was amazing. And this in China! Where were the long polite speeches? And the honorable banquets? The government passed a ruling that no one should give anyone a dinner costing more than $1.00 (Mex.) a plate. This effectually saved everyone's face, and also saved time and money.

Even in Europe such a conference would be a marvel. And this was China. Generals of north and south who had been acting in concert but who had never met, saw each other here for the first time. The conference was made up of people who had never yet worked together, or even met each other. When you contrast this with the conferences pulled off by the Allied powers in Peking, lasting months and months and deciding nothing, you will see that here at last is government in China. Speculations abound as to who "capitulated" to the other in the secret sessions of the conference. I am not sure that it matters. Such swift agreement shows that someone knows how to run things in China,—either the Hankow government, or Feng Yu Hsiang, or both together. And if there was anyone who got licked, which I doubt, they know how to keep still and saw wood afterwards. More than this one cannot ask of a government.

It seems like a bona fide amalgamation, by which Feng becomes one member, a very important one, in the Hankow government. (Hereafter I shall give it the proper name "Wuhan," since it is scattered through the three Wuhan cities and not alone in Hankow.) The provincial governments are sprinkled liberally with Feng's military men, but just as liberally with former educators and civil administrators who are old Kuomintang revolutionists. The Wuhan minister of Justice and of Education stayed north to help Feng organize the sub-Political Council. One of the new governors, Yu Yu Jen, a former educator, now a Feng general, came south to make contacts with the central government, before going back to take up his job in Shensi. The railway administrating committee is made up of three men, one from the Ministry of Communications in Wuhan, one from the Railway Workers Union and one a technical railway administrator. As far as one can judge the swift appointments were by no means ill considered.

As far as I know, I am the first and only foreign correspondent to be allowed at any of the Chinese fronts, except for one or two Russian men. Probably Vincent Sheehan will get a chance soon to go with Feng's troops. But I fear they won't soon let another woman go to the front. They didn't any of them like it; they all blame Sun Fo for letting me go, and he blames Mrs. Sun Yat Sen. You see, this was a military train going into the most conservative part of China where women still have bound feet and stay at home away from the gaze of men. Rayna, of the Nationalist news agency, went with me. We soon found that if she and I showed ourselves at the railway station, we attracted bigger crowds than the generals did. And I don't think we added to the dignity of the military train in the eyes of simple Chinese peasant soldiers. Discovering this, we tried to keep in the background as far as possible, but it wasn't always possible.

The Chinese have amusing ways of getting out of situations. When we asked, the second day in Chengchow, if we could go to the station when Feng came in, we were told that we had better wait "until we see if there is room in the station." We forebore to ask any further; the intention was obvious.

We were quartered the first night in a Catholic Mission, along with many Chinese officers and a couple of Russian military instructors. The Italian fathers looked anything but happy, but they refused to accept any pay for their room, and admitted that they had invited the Chinese general to stay with them. "It is war," they said. "One knows that all vacant places will be occupied. See you, it is better to invite a big general to occupy one's house than to have a lot of little officers fighting for place in it." They added that the effect on furniture was terrible! It probably was. Even we stuck candles on the hardwood furniture, and drove nails into the plaster to hang up our mosquito bars! What else could we do?

I visited a spacious American mission which was occupied by the Political Department of the armies, and the municipal guards of Chengchow. Theoretically no foreign premises are supposed to be commandeered without permission, but when Americans have evacuated, leaving the premises in the hands of Chinese caretakers, one hardly imagines that the caretaker will refuse permission to the dominating generals of the district. I have heard a tale, for instance, of a general who had occupied a Y. M. C. A. headquarters, sending his thanks later to the owners down in Shanghai. They took it for an insult added to injury, whereas he probably meant it as a sincere acknowledgment of favors which he had taken during their absence.

Personally I didn't blame them at all. Here was the Chinese marketplace, jammed with jostling crowds, lined with huts full of evil-smelling stench of myriad populations. Then a wall, a gate, and a vast lawn extending for several blocks, with beautiful trees and a few well built brick houses. What we Americans

would call "neat but not gaudy," but with more space than would house several thousand Chinese. What wonder that several score tents were pitched on these cool lawns, and that in the living room of one brick cottage some twelve soldiers were sleeping, with their boots in the fireplace and the piano back against the wall.

I attended one evening on the great lawn of this mission a banquet set for some three hundred officers, a sort of Get Together between Northwest and South. I don't know that the lawn was ever used for a better purpose. All over the town, while the higher ups conferred in a small room of the Bank of China, the lesser officers and soldiers were being called into great Get-Together meetings under the Political Departments of the Northwest and Southern armies. Incidentally, at the station when we came into town, battalions of Feng's men alternated down the platform with battalions of the southerners. Feng's men are much taller than southerners and better clothed and disciplined. They salute snappily; they have less democracy and more Prussian formality in the army. One hears that they are worse fed; for their 3000 mile trek was through sparse country where they suffered much from hunger, thirst and cold. The southerners are small, active, determined; they have fought more desperately than any Chinese have ever fought before. Most of them are bare-legged, wearing merely straw soles bound upon their feet. They are ragged and worn from a desperate campaign with heavy losses; but they are also vivacious. It remains to be seen if Feng's men will fight as well; certainly they could not fight any better than these armies of little men, accustomed only to southern hills and rice terraces, who swept into the unaccustomed wheat plains of Honan, and broke the back of Chang Tso Lin's best troops, fighting on a terrain to which the north was accustomed, where maneuvers of 50,000 men at a time were possible, a thing the south had never even practiced. It was the hard won victory of the Cantonese and Hunanese at Linying that cut the north in two, and isolated over 20,000 men to fall into the hands of Feng, almost without combat.

Feng had hardly any munitions; he took them from the enemy. French airplanes, British tanks, heavy artillery,—the north had all of these and was forced to abandon them.

An interesting side-light on Chinese soldiers occurred on our trip back. It seems that 3,000 northern troops are still left, besieged in a small walled city. Negotiations for surrender have been under way for some time, but they can't agree on terms. The northerners want to be taken over intact, as a division in the southern army; the southerners refuse, saying they can't accept more soldiers, and they want the northerners to give up their arms and go home! These terms, which any European soldier would think impossibly generous, are refused in despair by the poor besieged Chinese. Give up their arms,—their tools of trade! Then they will be out of a job, and perhaps will starve. They are holding out for a job, a livelihood, and the southerners are answering by demanding the arms without the men, to equip their own soldiers! On another occasion a Cantonese general turned all his prisoners loose, and gave each $2 to buy food on the way home. After all, what can you do with prisoners, when you haven't food enough for your own men. They have captured over half of Chang Tso Lin's expedition, and they simply don't want them around.

As for personal comfort, we had Sunkist oranges, Welch's grape-juice, iced soda pop and canned asparagus on the military train. Rayna and I shared a couple of rather hard leather bunks. In Chengchow we had a little room off the courtyard of the Bank of China, where we set up our army cots. No bugs, few mosquitoes, more than a few flies, and too much food. After we left the train there was no ice; butter was served liquid, and soda pop lukewarm. Nobody threatened us, or even glowered at us. Soldiers with waving bayonets stepped aside apologetically when we brushed into them in the crowds; except under orders and against special enemies they were only awkward peasant boys not wishing to annoy. I came back feeling fitter than when I started.

Hankow, June 14. ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Two Important Events

Two events of the past few days,—aside from the military moves which will be an old tale when you read this. One is the arrival of an American medical unit from the Peking Union Medical College to help the wounded soldiers. The other is the All China Labor Federation, which is holding its fourth annual congress.

I was moved from my lovely airy apartment above the Central Bank by the arrival of Dr. H. H. Kung, descendant of Confucius, class-mate of mine in Oberlin, and brother-in-law of Mrs. Sun Yat Sen. He was appointed last year Minister of Commerce and Industry for the Nationalist Government while they were in Canton. Since the split he has remained quietly in Shanghai "working for unity." Now he arrives in Hankow to open his office and stay with his sister-in-law on the top floor of Central Bank.

It's an indication of a gradual drift of the more conservative civilian forces towards Hankow. Yesterday in a conversation someone asked: "Why is T. V. Soong for Hankow? He's no social revolutionist." The answer came, correctly: "Because T. V's. financial job in Canton was the living symbol of the dominance of civil power over the military, and Hankow is the only civilian government in China. T. V. doesn't like peasants and workers mixing in government, but he'd rather have them than soldiers." Which I think is a fair characterization of the way the line-up is growing.

My new room is with the Lutheran Missions Hostel, a fine six-story building with screened verandas and many baths and American food. When I moved in the place was rather empty, since the evacuation of most of the missionaries; but now it is jammed with the doctors and nurses from Peking under Dr. Green and Dr. Yen. The nurses expressed themselves to me as astonished at the "speed of Hankow."

> We got here yesterday at three o'clock and they took us right away to see the buildings picked out for hospitals,—two large cafes. We accepted them as our assignment; by night planks were moving in for beds. We reported for duty this morning and within twenty-four hours after we arrived were handling 270 wounded with more beds and men arriving hourly.
>
> Quite different from Peking. . . In Peking we would spend a week in polite conversations, then another week in business conversations, then a third week in fixing up the building and by the fourth week we would be at work. . . . And say! Where's this Bolshevism we heard you had in Hankow? Folks behave just as everywhere in China. The ricksha fares are cheaper than Peking or Shanghai and the coolies not nearly so aggressive in arguments over fares.

So runs the frank gossip of the nurses. The speed with which work starts is a tribute to both the Americans and the Chinese organizations. But one expects it of Americans, not so much of Chinese.

Incidentally, the arrival of this delegation was a fine gesture of impartiality in relieving pain. Many foreign communities denounce the Peking Medical for coming. One missionary in Hankow, appealed to for funds to help cure wounded soldiers, said: "Let the swine die." I have this on the authority of an American Christian worker who approached him. With that sort of attitude, (and it is not entirely isolated) no wonder there is also anti-missionary feeling.

The All China Labor Federation, opening two days ago, is a splendid organization of energetic workingmen and a few working women. Strange how superficial are the judgments of men whose job it is to know better. An attaché of the American consul sitting next me at table said: "More and more of these labor congresses. I thought they just had one. Well, does this bunch think it is going to save the world?" He hardly knew that a China Federation of Labor existed still less that it had held three annual congresses already, with this as the fourth.

However, if reports here are correct (which they aren't always), the Amsterdam Federation of Trade Unions is equally ill informed. It is here reported that they were officially invited to send a commission to study and advise the Chinese trade unions, and that they refused on the ground that "China has no labor movement or trade unions." Is it any wonder that Chinese labor has affiliated with the Red Trade Union International in Moscow, which sends its president, Lazovski, and the heads of its mightiest unions, here to greet the China Federation of 2,900,000 members!

The opening meeting faced an audience of 361 delegates and 1500 onlookers who had waited holding their seats from eleven till three o'clock. The hall was like a Christmas tree with red satin banners and festoons of multi-colored tissue paper concoctions strung from wall to wall. Large gold stars, bearing the sickel and hammer, mingled with blue stars on which the white sun of the Kuomintang shone. Outside were a few military guards and a large group of Young Pioneer guards, in their tan suits and red neckerchiefs, with batons drawn up in martial order. Inside a great crowd, dressed in white with sprinkling of other light colors and the peasant blue denim, sweltered under forty wooden fans whirring in the ceiling.

But the faces in the crowd! They fairly shouted at you their intense interest in living. There were serious faces and smiling faces, good-natured faces and stern faces full of tragedy, faces aglow with youth's illusions and faces that had accepted life's worst and were stubbornly struggling on. All kinds of faces, but every one vital, intent, devoted. Directly below the platform on which I sat were three girl delegates, not over twenty years of age. One of them especially I remember. With her bobbed hair and boyish energy of manner, I was not sure at first if she were a girl or a lovely glowing youth. When her arm shot up into the air as she shouted the response to a slogan, rising on tiptoe, with eyes uplifted in ecstatic allegiance I thought her a young boy of sixteen or seventeen. Only when she turned with an utterly contented smile to join the two more feminine creatures behind her and I saw the lower part of her costume, was I sure of her sex.

There were greetings from some sixteen different organizations, indicating the complexity of life developing in Nationalist China. The Central Kuomintang Party, the Provincial and City Kuomintang, the Nationalist Government, the All China Students Union, the All China Peasants Union, the Communist Party of China and others. One small boy of thirteen, in tan and red uniform extended the greetings of the Young Pioneers to China's Labor Movement; he spoke well and fearlessly to an audience of some two thousand, and was much cheered. Three international representatives spoke; Lazovski for the Red Trade Union International, the Hindu Roy for the Communist International, and a Javanese for Organized Labor of Java, some 235,000 strong.

The congress,—for those who think there is no labor movement in China, represents 2,500,000 organized workers, at a conservative estimate. There were supposed to be over three million before the suppressions began under Chiang Kai Shek in Shanghai and Canton. Now, no one knows exactly how many are still to be counted as members in these cities.

Delegates come from Provincial and District unions, not from industrial groups such as textile workers, but from Hupeh, Shanghai, Kwangtung, etc. They are elected in open meetings of delegates from all the local unions of the district. A large province will have many districts and the provincial Federation of Labor will merely O. K. the elections made in the districts, certifying to their reality. It may also have its own delegates, elected from scattered groups too small to make a district. An exception to the district elections are the Seamens, Railway Workers and Postal unions which are represented as industrial unions on a national scale. Altogether, one is impressed by the attempt to get as accurate a representation as possible.

Last night I invited the women delegates from Shanghai and Canton to dinner, there were eleven. Two were intellectuals, with four and seven years of schooling. The others were workers from the looms and spinning machines. None of them could write. "I can write my name," boasted several. Three of them, however, could read. "The General Union sends around teachers to the factories at lunch time, and says: 'Hurry with your food and have a lesson.' Thus we learn to read." The only time they possibly could learn, as they work from twelve to sixteen hours a day.

All but one of these girls were under twenty-five years; half were under twenty. They had started work at ages ranging from 8 years, but most of them at the age of 9. They are getting now, thanks to the union, the munificent wage of 19 cents (gold) a day. They were full of determination, and could tell me exactly what they expected their unions and the Nationalist Government to give them eventually. More wages, eight hour day, hospital care paid by factory, day nursery for feeding babies, wages with rest before babies are born, educational charges paid by factory. Also to abolish fines and shameful punishments, such as putting a girl all night in a small cage for making a mistake at work!

They came here risking their lives at the hands of Chiang Kai Shek, who freely executes workers returning from "communist Hankow." Yet mostly they grin at the idea of evading Chiang, with the same lightheartedness that American college girls use in evading a hated dean. One girl from Canton, dressed in the old fashioned Chinese blue trousers, attacked even the Hankow government because "We see that so far this revolution does nothing for the women's movement." They were keen minded, loyal but critical. In their

little speeches of farewell to me they showed perfect parliamentary tactics and a good command of oratory.

Something is doing in China when you have girls acting like this. They asked me to tell American workers to "support the Chinese Revolution since it is part of the world revolution." I don't know how this argument will appeal in America, but they had no doubt that they were fighting not only for their nation but for the future of mankind. It's a great thing to be young and to believe this. It gives their faces a joyous glow that you seldom see on faces in America. They are illiterate Chinese textile workers, working twelve to sixteen hours a day.

Hankow, June 22. ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Near and Far East Glimpses

I CHINA

Again the Nationalist armies are tobogganing northward riding the crest of the breaker of welcoming public opinion which the department of progaganda at Canton has so resistlessly been generating for years past. In Tientsin some weeks ago a group of us ran into one of the widest thoroughfares so crowded with surging multitudes that our motor car had to be stopped by the police and detoured. The populace had been excited by the announcement that some sixteen students were to be publicly executed as communist agitators. For days Chang Tso-lin was busy seizing and doing to death by summary martial law group after group of China's promising youth whose only crime was the teaching of Sun Yat-sen's three principles of freedom. Will it end at the North as it has throughout central China that the sword breaks to shivers when it encounters idealistic thought? The Southern armies may yet meet disaster in their hurried marches toward Peking but at present it looks all the other way and it seems certain that the militarism of the past decade will not again lord it over China, if only the Powers will let her alone.

Will they? Japan grows more restless as the Nationalists with their uncompromising attitude toward such agreements as the 21 demands sweep toward Peking and Manchuria. And her best friends tremble to see her send such large forces to the defense of Peking and Tsinan with the suggestion that there are more in reserve. When the Nationalist Government actually reaches the point of entering Manchuria to overthrow Chang Tso-lin will Japan bestir herself to cause another such debacle as that which wiped off the map the victorious army of General Kuo Sung-lin? It is clear from the nervousness editorially reflected by the more influential newspapers here in Japan that they do not fully trust the present Administration under General Tanaka whose War Minister is General Shirakawa who commanded the troops in Manchuria at the time of the spectacular fall of General Kuo. These papers are calling upon the Government to go very slowly. For there is unquestionably a fear that the dispatch of Japanese troops to Tsingtao and Tsinan may mean a summons to the Nationalists either to make the Yellow river the limit of their northward advance or at least a warning to keep out of Manchuria, in case they be allowed to take Peking. But the sincere friends of Japan have strong hope that this Government will not go to any such disastrous extreme. The Foreign Office has just issued a statement promising to carry out Baron Shidehara's enlightened policy, which the Office phrased as follows:

> First, Our country will assist China in her attempt to realize her national aspirations, the ultimate purpose of which is to create a freer and more independent China; secondly, Our country will maintain its just rights and interests in China and take proper means to protect our nationals; thirdly, we shall adhere to the policy of non-intervention in the domestic affairs of China, and maintain strict neutrality in the strife among different Chinese factions.

This is very reassuring news and Japan's friends will do well both to quote it widely and to applaud it vigorously for such faith will help the Tanaka Government to stick to this program. It is no wonder that Baron Shidehara the author of this policy was by a leading statesman of Europe called in consequence of his consistent attitude of friendship to China "the world's ablest diplomat."

Out of the welter of opinions, forecasts, near prophesies, and judgments based upon individual prejudices and personal equations which obscure the Chinese situation so darkly these days, there are a few conclusions which seem fairly justified. One of these is the supremacy of the Nationalist cause throughout the great Republic. Dr. Sun's three principles, freedom from foreign control, sovereignty of the people, and safeguarding of the economic rights of the individual have become China's dominating popular ideals. Very quietly the agitation has gone from province to province. In the North as well as in Canton the people are confirmed Nationalists. After long continued labor pains the new National has been born. This is the most astounding fact that smites the visitor in the face everywhere. The miracle has been wrought with absolutely no use of force. Armies have not preceded, nor accompanied, but have followed the silent penetration of the country by peaceful bands of thought carriers. Does this mark a new era in warfare? Has China actually opened a fresh chapter in human evolution? Is reactionary Britain trying to put out fire with oil in her crusade against Soviet propaganda?

This basic fact of Nationalism's triumph in the China of today brands with peculiar infamy all attempt of the Powers to intervene in her struggle with herself. In the light of this new era, force, employed by foreign nations to bolster unjust treaties and agreements, is nothing less than murderous. If the Chinese civil war menaces foreign lives and property let the aliens go home. The negotiation of new treaties by America last winter coupled with the withdrawal of our nationals and armed forces under guarantees that business losses due to such withdrawal would ultimately be reimbursed by our Government, would not only have proved the least costly way out, but it would also have changed the entire situation, made the Nationalist movement irresistible and given the world a mighty demonstration of the utter futility of the militaristic solution of international disputes. As it stands today the nations involved in the Chinese complication may muddle through without warfare, notwithstanding the mailed fist farce being enacted on the Yangtse, in Shantung and in the Peking-Tientsin section. Our Nation may not achieve the great end that would have been possible by withdrawal some months ago but even yet such action would react with tremendous helpfulness. Our forces in China are merely playing second fiddle to the inter-

ests of Great Britain and of the die-hards in Japan. For it cannot be emphasized too strongly that the only hope of China and of lasting peace and goodwill in the Far East lies in the triumph of Chinese Nationalism. Any move on the part of any of the Powers to stay the progress of this cause is treachery to the entire human race. It is high time that our Nation began to play its role of peacemaker out here. It can do this best now by immediate negotiation of new treaties with the Nationalist Government and by the withdrawal of all of its armed forces plus a notification to its nationals that they must at once leave China if they do not wish to trust to the protection of the Chinese Government as is the case with Germans and Russians in that country.

It becomes constantly clearer that China's "anti-imperialism" slogan is not anti-foreign, still less anti-Christian. China has never taken religion too seriously. She has always been tolerant of new faiths. Lincoln's motto: "If they like that sort of thing that is the sort of thing they like" is one of her chief characteristics. Even such an extreme radical as the recent Nationalist Minister of Finance, Eugene Chen, not long ago said:

> Our objction is not to Christianity as a religion but as a part of imperialism, i. e., the realm of international control. When imperialism is done away with, then the movement against Christianity will cease.

It grows plainer every day to those who study the situation that an irresistible demand underlies the entire manifestation of anti-foreignism, and that is the unquenchable determination of China to live her own life. When 400 millions of people are moved as though they were one person with such a will as this, to attempt to stand against this Nationalist trend is to try to swim up Niagara rapids.

Americans will do well to get the Nanking affair in its proper perspective. It was a frightful burst of outlawry, most terrible to those who there felt for the first time the horrors of mass madness, but it was one of the exigencies of war and no non-combatant unwilling to suffer had any business to be in such a battle center. Anyone who remains in China during the civil war must expect to take his life in his hand if the fighting comes his way. It is perfectly clear that the affair was due to a war within a war. The Communist section of the Nationalist Government wanted to discredit General Chiang Kai-shek by embroiling him in difficulties with foreign Powers. So they ordered the outrage. Fortunately they failed to overthrow the young general, fell by a hair's breadth short of precipitating foreign intervention and made clear to the whole of China that men who could nourish so traitorous and fool-headed a plan were enemies of the Nation. Hence their overthrow. Other complications may come resulting in loss of life to foreigners risking themselves in war overrun territory but the blame should rest solely upon those who gamble with such consequences.

Meantime General Chiang Kai-shek is by his recent public utterances fast proving himself "one of the two ablest men in China" as a distinguished University President in North China dubbed him in response to my question, "Who are the prospective leaders and strongest men in your country?" The General's latest published declaration calls upon his countrymen to expect from him no drastic demand upon Japan with reference to her interests in Manchuria and took the statesmanlike ground that China should cooperate generously in helping to supply her neighbor to the east with the raw materials necessary to her economic development. A few more such notable words plus a decisive victory over the northern forces and the continuance of his method of associating with himself in the responsibilities of government a group of the best men he can find, will stamp him as the leader his nation so sorely needs. It chanced that General Feng Yu-hsiang was the other ablest man named by the scholar just quoted. From Canton to Peking, in reply to my question as to leaders, I was assured that China was rich in men able to carry the heaviest burdens of the state with distinction. One has only to run over the astounding list of Chinese trained first in American, British and Japanese universities and second in the actual handling of large affairs in their own country, to realize how true this is. And the proportion of these men in the most important positions in the Nationalist Government is a guarantee of wise progress in the coming unified Republic which seems likely to prefer an administration conducted not by a President but by a Commission of experts like the Secretariat of the League of Nations. Certainly America's experience with presidents and parties is not at all so convincing of the wisdom of our system that we may not receive suggestions of improvement from Russia or from the New China or from the League of Nations.

The missionary losses throughout the Asian Republic form a very pathetic chapter in modern church history. To see the work of a lifetime vanish in a twinkling, to experience the bitterness of the enmity of those for whom one has labored for decades, to witness the closing of schools and colleges, the dismantling of hospitals and asylums, the installation of rough troops in buildings erected at cost of much unselfish giving as churches and uplifting agencies of all kinds, is an overwheming blow to men and women able a few years ago to contemplate success on every hand in their work of christianizing China.

But to think of forcing upon the Nationalist Government the payment of indemnities for losses of missionary property would be as contrary to the spirit of Jesus as it would constitute an exhibition of spurious internationalism. The world has no right to hold the Nationalist Government responsible for these losses. The agelong treatment of China by the Powers and the mistakes of a missionary propaganda buttressed upon the support of alien armies and navies are the ultimate cause of what happened at Changsha, Swatow, Hankow and Nanking. The noble action of the Trustees of Yale-in-China in expressing the truth that the entire institution was a free gift of American friends who had built up and endowed it, a bona-fide gift with absolutely no strings to it, strikes the note that breathes the spirit of Jesus about the whole question and will evoke an ideal response from the Chinese when once they have finished the task of making their Government the exponent of the people's will and have gained leisure to think over the past.

That missionary work will never again be what it was in China seems a safe guess. But that is as far as one dare go in presage. Housed institutions like schools, churches and hospitals will probably be returned more or less to their former uses. But the New China will without question develop its religious organization to accord with the changed environment. Missionaries who have at heart a bright Chinese future for their own *ism* or for what the pre-war world called Christianity have not much cause for optimism. But

to men who cherish the interests of such a religion as Jesus lived and who look forward to a coming cooperation of the inheritors of the great faiths of the past in the building up of God's family of human brothers, China offers a most glowing prospect. Not a few of the most thoughtful, devoted, able and successful missionaries who talked with me were questioning whether the present emergency might not prove a clear call to them not to return and complicate the religious future of this mighty people. Making no fixed decisions in this direction they are patiently waiting for the time when light may break in upon the situation. They are ready to return to their stations if the Chinese want them and they are equally prepared permanently to give up the work if that be shown to be duty. For they know that what is silently taking place in China is also deeply moving the common heart and mind and will of millions of men everywhere on this planet and nowhere more than throughout Asia. There is immense hope for the Far East religiously, if only the dogs of war of the white races and of Japan be kept in leash. DOREMUS SCUDDER.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTERS XVII AND XVIII

A Month with Gokhale

I

From the very first day of my stay with him Gokhale made me feel completely at home. He treated me as though I was his younger brother, he acquainted himself with all my needs and requirements and arranged to see that I had all I needed. Fortunately my wants were few, and as I had cultivated the habit of self-help I needed very little personal attendance. He was deeply impressed with my habit of tending for myself, my personal cleanliness, perseverance and regularity, and would often overwhelm me with praise.

He seemed to keep nothing private from me. He would introduce me to all the important people that called on him. Of these the one who stands foremost in my memory is Dr. P. C. Roy. He lived practically next door and was a very frequent visitor.

This is how he introduced Dr. Roy: "This is Prof. Roy, who having a monthly salary of Rs. 800, keeps just Rs. 40 for himself and devotes the balance to public purposes. He is not and does not want to get married."

I see little difference between Dr. Roy as he is today and as he used to be then. His dress used to be nearly as simple as it is, with this difference of course that whereas it is Khadi now it used to be Indian mill-cloth in those days. I felt as though I never had too much of talks between Gokhale and Dr. Roy, as they all pertained to public good or were of educative value. Some of them were painful too, containing as they did strictures on public men. As a result, some of those whom I had regarded as stalwart fighters began to look quite puny.

To see Gokhale at work was as much a joy as an education. He never wasted a minute. His private relations and friendships were all for public good. All his talks had reference only to the good of the country, and were absolutely free from any trace of untruth or insincerity. India's poverty and subjection were matters of constant and exclusive concern to him. Various people sought to interest him in various matters. But he gave every one of them the same reply:

> You do the thing yourself. Let me do my own work. What I want is freedom for my country. After that is won, we can think of other things. Today that one thing is enough to engage all my time and energy.

His reverence for Ranade could be seen every moment. Ranade's authority was final in every matter and he would cite it at every step. Ranade's death anniversary occurred during my stay with Gokhale who seemed to be regularly observing it. There were then with him, besides myself, his friend Prof. Kathavate and a Sub-Judge friend. He invited them to take part in the celebration, and in his speech he gave us his reminiscences of Ranade. He compared incidentally Ranade, Telang and Mandlik. He eulogised Telang's charming style and Mandlik's greatness as a reformer. Citing an instance of Mandlik's solicitude for his clients he told us an anecdote of how once having missed his usual train he engaged a special train to be able to attend the court in the interest of his client. But Ranade, he said, towered above them all, as he was a universal thinker. He was not only a great Judge, he was equally great as a historian, economist and reformer. Although he was a Judge he fearlessly attended the Congress, and every one had such confidence in his sagacity that they unquestioningly accepted his decisions. Gokhale's joy knew no bounds as he described these qualities of head and heart which were all combined in his master.

Gokhale used to have a horse-carriage in those days. I did not know the circumstances that had made a horse-carriage a necessity for him, and so I remonstrated with him:

> Can't you make use of the tramcar in going about from place to place? Is it derogatory to a leader's dignity?

Slightly pained he said:

> So you also have failed to understand me! I do not use my Council allowances for my own personal comforts. I envy your liberty to go about in tramcars, but I am sorry I cannot do likewise. When you are the victim of as wide a publicity as I am, it will be difficult, if not impossible, for you to go about in a tramcar. There is no reason to suppose that all that the leaders do is with a view to personal comforts. I love your simple habits. I live as simply as I can, but some expense is almost inevitable for a man like myself.

He thus satisfactorily disposed of one of my complaints, but there was one which he could not.

"But you do not even go out for walks," said I, "is it surprising that you should be always ailing? Should public work leave no time for physical exercise?"

"When ever do you find me free to go out for a walk?" he replied.

I had such a great regard for Gokhale that I never strove with him. Though the reply above mentioned was far from satisfying me I remained silent. I believed then, and I believe even now, that no matter what amount of work one has, one should always find some time for exercise as one does for one's meals. It is my humble opinion, that far from taking away from one's capacity for work, it adds to it.

II

Whilst living under Gokhale's roof I was far from being a stay-at-home.

I had told my Christian friends in South Africa that in India I would meet the Christian Indians and acquaint myself with their condition. I had heard of Babu Kalicharan Bannerji and I had a high regard for him. He took a prominent part in the Congress, and I had about him none of the misgivings that I had about the average Christian Indian who stood aloof from the Congress and isolated himself from Hindus and Musalmans. I told Gokhale that I was thinking of meeting him. He said: "What is the good of your seeing him? He is a very good man, but I am afraid he will not satisfy you. I know him very well. However you will certainly meet him if you like."

I sought an appointment which he readily gave me. When I went I found that his wife was on her deathbed. His house was simple. In the Congress I had seen him in a coat and trousers, but I was glad to find him now wearing a Bengal dhoti and shirt. I like his simple way of life, though I myself then wore a Parsi coat and trousers. Without much ado I presented my difficulties to him. He asked: "Do you believe in the doctrine of original sin?"

"I do, said I."

"Well then, Hinduism offers no absolution therefrom, Christianity does," and added: "The wages of sin is death, and the Bible says that the only way of deliverance is surrender unto Jesus."

I put forward the *Bhakti-marga* (the path of devotion) of the Bhagavad Gita, but to no avail. I thanked him for his goodness. He failed to satisfy me but I benefited by the interview.

During these days I walked up and down the streets of Calcutta. I went to most places on foot. I met Justice Mitra and Sir Gurudas Bannerji, whose help I wanted in my work in South Africa. Just about this time I met Raja Sir Pyari Mohan Mukerji.

Kalicharan Bannerji had spoken to me about the Kali temple which I was eager to see, especially as I had read about it in books. So I went there one day. Justice Mitra's house was in the same locality, so I went to the temple the same day that I visited him. On the way I saw a stream of sheep going to be sacrificed to Kali. There was a long line of beggars of course, and even in those days I was stoutly opposed to giving alms to sturdy beggars. A crowd of them pursued me. One of them accosted me: "Whither are you going, my boy?" I told him where I was going to.

He asked my companion and me to sit down, which we did.

I asked him: "Do you regard this sacrifice as religon?"

"Who would regard killing of animals as religion?"

"Then, why don't you preach against it?"

"That's not my business. Our business is to worship God."

"But could you not find any other place to worship God?"

"All places are equally good for us. The people are like a flock of sheep, following where you lead them."

Without prolonging the discussion we reached the temple. We were greeted by rivers of blood. I could not bear to stand there. I was exasperated and restless. I have never forgotten that sight. That very evening I had an invitation to dinner at a party of Bengali friends. There I spoke to a friend about this cruel form of worship. He said: "The sheep don't feel pain. The noise and the drum-beating there deaden all feeling of pain."

I could not swallow this, I told him that if the sheep had speech they would tell a different tale. I felt that the cruel custom ought to be stopped. I thought of the story of Buddha, but I also saw that the work was beyond my capacity.

I hold today the same opinion as I held then. To my mind the life of a lamb is no less precious than that of a human being. I should be unwilling to take the life of a lamb for the sake of the human body. I hold that the more helpless a creature the more it is entitled to protection by man from the cruelty of man. But a man who has not qualified himself for such service is unable to afford to it any protection. I must go through more self purification and sacrifice before I can hope to save these lambs from this unholy sacrifice. Today I think I must die pining for this self-purification and sacrifice. It is my constant prayer that there may be born on earth some great spirit, man or woman, fired with divine pity to deliver us from this heinous sin and save the lives of the innocent creatures, and purify the temple. How is it that Bengal with all its knowledge, intelligence, sacrifice, and emotion tolerates this slaughter?

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Friendship

Wheat stands green and shining in the fields of North China;
In the South land rice stretches slim fingers from a watery bed;
But the wheat and the rice are both food for us who hunger.

My friend and I are of different lands
But if in the heart of each there grow
The tender, green shoots of friendship
We shall be fed.

DOROTHY ROWE.

The Enchanted Month

June 5—A month has flown on swift wings since we came to the country. Today the young bluebirds left their nest in the hanging birdhouse and the wrens took immediate possession. A catbird has just finished its nest in a favorite shrub near the pump. These birds are so friendly that they stop building only long enough to give us a glance when we come near, and then resume their work.

After much searching, we found another oriole's nest all finished. Strange how these orioles elude us! There are several pairs here on the grounds; still, we have searched the trees until our necks are nearly broken and only two nests have we been able to find.

Each week more yellow lady-slippers show their heads amongst the wild plants. Today we discovered a new one, its blossom nodding above a bower of maiden-hair. In the moist garden, so densely shaded that everything comes later, there are two clumps of very sturdy lady-slippers. They must be pink ones, because the leaves are more robust and rather hairy. Down there, two delicate white lady-slippers are in bloom and several young plants coming up from the roots.

The bird-pool, which we planted only three weeks ago, is already turning green. Just above it, the birds' feeding-table, with its suet, meat and hemp seed, attracts only the red-headed woodpeckers; other birds seem to scorn it, although they revel in the bath.

June 12—Great clumps of wild columbine are in gorgeous bloom. Either the color, or the odor, attracts the humming-birds and we see them flitting, like thistle-down, from one garden to another. The first branch of delphinium is in bloom and the cultivated columbine is just coming out.

It has been a rainy season with cold nights and mornings. The orioles still come down to feast upon the oranges, but soon they will be too busy feeding their young to pay much attention to us.

A young humming-bird flew into the garage this morning. We thought he was injured and brought him down to the house. A lovely thing he was, with feathers grey and green, and a ruby throat. Fortunately, he wasn't hurt—probably only frightened—but it looked as though a piece of his tail had been cut off. In a short time, he was able to fly and we freed him.

Lilacs, honeysuckle and bridal wreath are in bloom, but the fruit-blossoms, that gave us joy for a fortnight,—alas—have fallen. Red phlox is just blooming along the railway tracks, and the wild anemone is flowering.

The terrace wall, which we commenced to plant a year ago, begins to look quite creditable, although the crevices between the stones are very unsatisfactory, being too small and shallow; yet columbine, hepatica, forget-me-not, rock fern, creeping fern, maiden-hair and wild strawberries all lived through the winter. Today I found two ripe strawberries growing on these little vines. If the robins were not so industrious, we should have more to show for our pains but, during the building season, they diligently dug out the ferns and mosses to line their nests.

Since the orioles come less often to the oranges. the wood-peckers have begun to eat them. It was a funny sight to see one today—its crimson head bobbing up and down above a tawny orange.

We have seen no young orioles about, but I think they will be leaving their nests almost any day.

The wrens have raised their brood of young, and now are visiting one house after another, searching for a place for their new brood.

Bridal weath, honeysuckle and lilac, so lovely a fortnight ago, have withered and fallen. The quince is still blooming on in shady places.

June 19—Today the pink lady-slippers are in full bloom and very beautiful they are, as they stand—vigorous and erect—five in one clump, each stem carrying two blooms. The bud is quite white and much larger than the yellow one, and very much larger than the white. As the flower opens it shows great splashes of deep rose. Close by is another group of five plants, the buds of which are just unfolding. Several others are scattered about, but their buds are safely hidden within the top-most leaves. This is the tallest, strongest lady-slipper we have. I wonder if these will increase from the roots. I've tried so many times to secure seeds from them, but never succeeded until this year. The plants seem to multiply, as lilies and gladioli do, by smaller bulbs separating from the main ones. It will be interesting to see how many years will pass before the seeds will form blooming plants. The wild garden has become quite rank with autumn-blooming plants and weeds. We never dare weed it before the middle of June, lest we crush the tenderer things. But this week we have had an orgy of weeding and thinning out and, in consequence, have discovered a dozen or more lady-slippers, hidden and starved by the rank growth about them. We realize now how unwise we were to have a spring and autumn garden in one.

Meadows, marshes and railway tracks are crimson with wild phlox. On the wooded hillsides white anemones stand in tall and graceful clumps; their waxen blossoms contrasting with their clean, deep-green foliage.

Brown-eyed Susans are showing their first gleam of yellow. Tradescantia blossoms, heaven's own blue, droop their heads along the highways. Indian's paint-brush is in full bloom on the sandy stretches. Pink and blue vetch, garlanded through the clover fields, look like prostrate rainbows.

A day or two ago, a neighbor brought me eight yellow lady-slippers in a compact clump. He found them growing in the cinders along the railway track. How surprising are their ways! One expects to find them growing in the loam of a well-drained hillside; then they are discovered in dry cinders and, almost before one has accepted that fact, imbedded in the peat of a marsh.

The young birds are having great fun in the bird-baths. The graceful cat-birds are a joy to watch. How daintily they flutter onto the edge, look about, as if in quest of admiration, then step into the bath, splash and shake their wings, dashing the drops, like rain, about them. Finally they emerge, shake themselves leisurely, look all about and begin to preen. How differently the young robins comport themselves! Already full-grown, fat and dowdy-looking, they fly clumsily down to the terrace wall—jump onto the bath, hop all around its edge, then flop into the water. At once they begin to splash—the water completely envelops them. One would think them oblivious of everything. But, in the midst of a robin's bath, I saw a young warbler

perch upon the wall and watch him. In a second, the robin was standing upon the bowl, shaking water all over the poor, meek warbler and making little dives at it. It didn't take the warbler long to escape to the security of its parents, who were quietly watching from the roof of the study nearby. Then the conqueror returned to his ablutions.

It's amusing to place a few cherries along the edge of the bath and watch the birds come swiftly for them. Usually the wood-peckers are the first to spy them and, then, no other bird has a chance. The bees love these miniature pools, and often the edges will be quite brown with them. Even a squirrel or a chipmunk comes occasionally to drink.

We hear the orioles whistling, off amongst the trees, and see their beautiful brown and gold bodies winging their way here and there. They come to the house but seldom—probably occupied with their young, who seem not to have left the nests yet. We have kept a careful look-out, but it won't be many days before they will be fluttering about. We hope the parent birds will bring them down to teach them to eat our oranges, as they have in other years.

June 26—It has been an eventful week. Encouraged by the clump of lady-slippers which our neighbor brought us, we motored off to the same locality and searched along the railway track. At first our quest seemed hopeless. Suddenly, a gleam of yellow, amongst the green of ferns and the crimson of phlox. As we parted the grasses, we came upon a nest of them; babies, youth, parents, grand-parents, great-grand-parents, it seemed to me. Within two hours we had dug two hundred of them. This was phenomenal. Thirty-five had, hitherto, been our best day's find—and we considered that a very successful day. Their roots were deeply imbedded in mossy peat—half loam, half cinders, in damp ground. We were, evidently, not the first to find them, for many of the blossoms had already been removed. Next year we shall search there a month earlier. It will be much easier to find them, before other things have grown so rank.

There were many beautiful ferns growing there; bracken, sweet fern, and even wood-ferns. Indian paint-brush we found, and the delicate fragrant white orchis.

As we walked along the ties, a whirr at our feet increased to a drumming, and a prairie-chicken flew out of the tall marsh-grass and flew swiftly away. At a short distance, he stood erect in a meadow, and watched us. Years ago, a pair of prairie-chicken or partridges, or a covey of quail, was a common sight. Yearly, it grows rarer.

Soon the railway borders will be the only blooming spots here. The highway commissioners are ruthlessly clearing the roadsides of tree, shrub, vine and flower. No wonder game is becoming so scarce. In place of Nature's beauty, the villagers are now making ugly little gardens, along the roads, surrounded by white-washed stones, and filled with garish tulips, anaemic-looking geraniums, starved-looking pansies, and straggling snap-dragons.

Already the beautiful regal lilies are in bloom. Large colonies of Turks-caps, which we dug, in meadows and marshes, hereabouts, are tall and vigorous. The winds are scattering wild columbine seeds all about. I wonder if the humming-birds will like the cultivated columbine as well. The bees certainly do, for I must often brush them off if I want to pluck the flowers.

June 30—The enchanted month comes to a close, the gardens are a riot of blue and yellow and pink. the stately delphiniums, some of them five feet tall, show all the tones of heaven's own blue—the sky-blue of a quiet June day, the deep blue of a hot noon, the mauve and blue tones of sunset, the purple-blue of twilight. How proud they appear in contrast to the rollicking yellow poppies, rioting at their feet or the vigorous, yellow onoethera which tries to crowd everything else out. And how charming they appear towering above the clumps of pink and white peonies.

The vervaine, too, is coming into bloom. It looks now like a bank of blue grey mist but, as the delphinium ceases blooming, the vervaine shows great masses of blue. Here and there, the lychnis throws up a tall scarlet stalk, but that, too, is at its height in July.

Surely June is the month of all the year! This year one tragedy has marred it. We watched the last found oriole-nest; watched the mother bird enter and leave her swinging nest, while her mate whistled cherrily close-by. One day, we missed the birds and, the following day, found one dead on the road-side. With the aid of a step-ladder, the nest was reached and three cold, dead, unfeathered nestlings discovered in it. Doubtless the mother oriole had flown against the wind-shield of a passing automobile and killed herself.

H. S. N.

Walls

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling out or walling in,
To whom I was like to give offense.
Something there is that does not love a wall.

"In poetry," remarked Tzu Yu, thoughtfully regarding the blue sky inlaid with trees above the roofs that bound his garden; "In poetry one can most perfectly compare the difference of hearts. There is no Son of Han but knows what three things do not love a wall."

"I do not know them," said the Western, putting down the book he had been reading.

"Yes, you do not," Tzu Yu replied. "Plunderers are the first, and of these there are also three. By those who come along at night our walls and courtyards are not loved, nor village ramparts by the larger bands. City walls protect from thieves with armies. From corrupt ministers nothing can defend the state.

"Against barbarians, though, the nation has a wall. The superior man is settled in conduct. It was characteristic of Ch'in Shih Huang that by a wall across ten thousand mountain tops he should endeavor to defend the culture of the books he had destroyed.

"But the enemies that can be seen are not the only enemies. With every honored guest welcomed into a home would come a horde of devils, did not a wall before the door or two square turnings baffle the subtle ones who cannot round a corner.

"Some things there are that do not love a wall, and well we know them; so that walls are as much a part of us as long blue gowns, and centuries older."

SHU CHAI.

The Study Table

Again—the Orient

An unusually satisfactory book is Felix Morley's "Our Far Oriental Assignment."[1] It is a discussion of the conditions and problems of Japan, China and the Philippines. Mr. Morley disclaims expert authority on oriental matters; he is however a good observer, a clear thinker and a good writer. On the editorial staff of the *Baltimore Sun,* he was sent by his paper to make a first-hand study of the situation. He stayed long enough to really get an appreciation of things; he approached problems with an open mind; he was sympathetic, but he desired to be just. His thoughtful book has exceptional value. His presentation of the Chinese situation is of the best. He is openly friendly to China. He is not anti-British, but he clearly sees the result of British policies of the past and dares to say so. We believe that his sympathy with China, somewhat prejudices him toward Japan, but even so his presentation of Japan's problems and difficulties is unusually fair. Most of the writing regarding the Island Empire is intensely partisan. We have a lot of indiscriminate praise and adulation, and a lot of hateful suspicion and misrepresentation; in Morley we have neither. While we find his treatment of Japan on the whole fair, and his discussion of China fine, we like his presentation of *our* most immediate problem, the Philippines. It is unfortunate that the Philippine question is more or less a matter of party-politics. Its great significance to us as a nation ought to raise it above partisanship. Mr. Morley treats it without marked bias and with keenness of vision. He appreciates as few who discuss the matter, the distrust and sullen hatred that is growing up in the Islands against us. It is a new and ominous thing. Our author speaks frankly in regard to the Governor General, Wood. He takes a firm stand against the Bacon Bill and again a partitioning policy. He mentions the significant incident of the day of prayer, observed on February 22, 1926, and the untactful, even brutal, military threat that met it. He is the first, so far as we know, to describe and justly weigh "the peaceful revolution" that has begun in the Islands. He urges that a prompt, just and final settlement regarding the Philippine status is necessary. We do not agree that his solution is the best one—he advises a "dominion" status—but his attitude, his appeal, his attempt at solution, his appreciation of the seriousness of the problem, his emphasis on the urgency of action, are all so sane and fine, that we urge the reading of his book. It is the best, simple discussion, covering the whole field, that we know. It is, too, a piece of good writing.

Some time ago, we noticed Prof. Vinacke's "Modern Constitutional Development in China," a remarkable book, perhaps the best in its field. The book of the same author[2] now before us is quite different in scope and treatment. Its title, "Problems of Industrial Development in China," adequately expresses its scope. It is announced as "a preliminary study" and the author distinctly states that it is not "an exhaustive and definitive analysis." It attempts "rather to sketch broadly some of the major problems to be solved before the new industry can establish itself on a firm and enduring foundation, or can progress much beyond the point at present reached." Few people realize that there are problems. We are accustomed to hearing vague, but optimistic, suggestions of the vast development immediately ahead, in this land of 400,000,000 inhabitants, "one-fourth the world's population." But the development is not a simple matter, nor will it take place without much labor and travail. Industrialization is inevitable and it will take place; but it is well just now to look somewhat into conditions, limitations and possibilities. This Prof. Vinacke does in the little book before us. The chapter titles are—industrial development in China, the government and industrial progress, governmental finance, currency reform, the problem of communication, the organization of industry in China. The material is clearly presented; the discussion is as simple and direct as the subjects permit. It is the only book of its kind in English and is one of the few books which are indispensable to the reader, who desires to have really intelligent ideas of things Chinese.

Anything that Mrs. Ayscough writes on Chinese themes is likely to be interesting—it is sure to be informative. We are already acquainted with her little dog, *Yo Fei.* Now we have his autobiography.[3] An animal's autobiography may be extraordinarily interesting, and may easily run to pathos. *Yo Fei* might write a charming story, but he does not. As the autobiography of a dog, the thing is a failure. *Yo Fei* has led a most unnatural and unwholesome life; he has become a spoiled child and a prig. The book is no autobiography, even of such a creature. In it, he figures as a self-conscious pedagogue, a public lecturer, whose life-task it is to give out unrelated scraps of information. Mrs. Ayscough had a lot of odds and ends of information regarding Chinest things that she wanted to work off in some way. They were too fragmentary to make up into essays, such as she might write with full responsibility—so she shoulders them off onto poor *Yo Fei.* He discourses on processions, weddings, poetry, figures of saints, beauties of "pidgin English," jinrickshas, shop-signs, etc., etc. It is all worth jotting down but the machinery of giving it out as a dog's biography is too clumsy and evident for one to have zest in reading it. Miss Douglass' "writing brush sketches" are charming and fit in fairly well with the little dog's life.

The makeup of "Lanterns, Junks, and Jade"[4] is striking and handsome. The title prepares us for the matter and the presentation. It is the kind of book that Mrs. Ayscough should have made out of the material which she threw off onto the poor little dog. Mr. Morrill has not had Mrs. Ayscough's long experience in China. He writes a travellers book but the traveller was an observant one, with connections and opportunities, and a facile pen. He is a "collector" and would gladly pass for an expert. He talks not only of lanterns, junks and jade, but of palaces and cities, of conveyances and ceremonies, of dogs and dragons and a host of other things. He never goes deeply, but he skims well. He takes the Chinese side of things. He heartily

1. **Our Far Eastern Assignment.** Felix Morley. Garden City: 1926. Doubleday, Page & Co. 16° pp., xiv., 185.

2. **Problems of Industrial Development in China.** Harold M. Vinacke. Princeton: 1926. Princeton University Press. 16° pp., xi., 265.

3. **The Autobiography of a Chinese Dog.** Edited by his Missus, Florence Ayscough: with illustrations by Lucille Douglass. Boston and New York: 1926. Houghton-Mifflin Co. 16° pp., xiv., 105.

4. **Lanterns, Junks, and Jade.** Samuel Morrill. New York: MCMXXVI. Frederick A. Stokes. 16° pp., viii, 287.

dislikes the "old Buddha"—the empress dowager who for so long ran things in China. In fact his dislike of her is almost an obsession and he loses no chance to unburden himself of it. He has picked up a stock of Chinese stories too, and retells them without too much destructive alterations, though in style more or less his own. All in all, the book is bright and interesting, with much less misinformation than such books usually contain. It is agreeable reading and a host of people, who would not read a more serious book may gain sympathy and some insight from "Lanterns, Junks, and Jade."

The Council of Christian Associations has done a good thing in publishing "Christian Principles and the Problems of the Pacific."[5] It is "a discussion outline for college groups." The committee under whose direction it has been prepared is a practical one, made up of persons with actual knowledge of the problems and experience in dealing with students. It appreciates "that America's relations with other countries bordering on the Pacific constitute the major problem in her international life." The outline aims to show the importance of the problems, to stimulate the consideration and discussion of them, and to urge that solutions be rigidly tested by Christian principles. Each problem is separately outlined. A series of questions and answers analyzes and sharply presents it; the principles involved are formulated; resource material is presented in carefully selected extracts from printed sources; discussion is suggested, both sides being fairly presented, where there are conflicting interests; solutions are indicated. The problems thus analyzed are: population and migration, industrialization of the Orient, the Philippines, China, toward an understanding of Japan, what can students do? A list of books for further study is appended. This *discussion outline* is a step in the right direction.

We have already called attention to the fact that use is made of achievement and intelligence tests in the Philippine school system. We have here[6] an investigation of their applicability and value in those schools. The author is a Filipino, taught and trained in American schools. He divides his book in two parts. In the first, he studies the testing movement as developed in America and the application of American standard tests to the Philippine public schools. In the second, he examines the applicability of these tests to the Filipino. As the Philippine system of education is largely patterned after our own, it is to be expected that our tests will be to a large degree applicable thereon.

"The tests as arranged and standardized in America retain their discriminative capacity when applied to Filipinos . . .; the influence of schooling and knowledge of English is much less than it is generally thought to be . . .; for use among Filipino school children alone, without making an attempt to draw comparisons with results obtained in America the tests as they stand serve a very good purpose in Philippine public school administration. It is probable however that some changes must be made to adapt the tests more perfectly to Filipino needs. This is especially true if they are to lead to comparative results and conclusions. Such changes should be as few in number and as slight as possible. Time and experience alone will determine the changes desirable."

FREDERICK STARR.

5. Christian Principles and the Problems of the Pacific. New York: 1926. Association Press. 16° pp., 88.

6. Philippine Studies in Mental Measurement. Manuel L. Carreon. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1926. World Book Co., 16° pp., xiv, 175.

Correspondence

Correspondence From a Missionary in China

Editor of UNITY:

. . . Since I wrote last many events have taken place which have brought about very rapid changes which have brought us to our goal of Chinese control a little faster than we anticipated. Since our mission as well as government officials were so insistent that every missionary from the interior leave, we arranged for a permanent organization which would function even after the missionaries returned, if they did.

We thought it only fair to the Chinese to give them a brief time to think through things free from all foreigners and then let them invite back those they wanted for particular tasks. Therefore during the early morning hours of Good Friday, the last of us left. As soon as Tientsin was reached a letter was sent back stating that I would come back to teach English the rest of the school year and act as advisor if I was wanted. An invitation full of cordiality was sent to me and accepted. Schools were reopened after the special vacation declared to arrange the new management, and I have been here at work ever since, as the only missionary with a definite task. Three others have returned for short visits during the last two months.

I have enjoyed these last weeks especially. Every effort has been appreciated. I have especially enjoyed the privilege of eating Chinese food three times a day with five of the teachers. It is marvelous the way the leaders of the schools, churches and hospitals have been getting under the load which we have given them. They are humble before their new responsibilities yet confident. I have no fears about their not being able to carry on the work.

I feel extremely sorry for those missionaries who feel that because they have left their stations the work will now go to ruin. I have heard nothing but rejoicing throughout the North China American Board Mission because the new day has come, but I have read letters and statements which convey the opposite attitude.

We are going forward with all of our plans for the opening of school next fall, expecting the Nationalists to be in full control of all China south of the Great Wall before fall. Wherever they have advanced the people have welcomed them with open arms, the chief reason why they have been able to advance so rapidly.

I hope you will pardon these personal references but I feel that the inside facts of particular situations are a help to correct the general impression that all work for American Missionaries is over and that all of them are speeding home.

Continued success to you in your struggle for freedom for all peoples.

HAROLD S. MATTHEWS

Tientsin, Chihli,
China.

Grateful to James M. Yard

Editor of UNITY:

In your June issue, "What Are the Missionaries Up To?" is a corker. It is the foremost explanation I have seen so far, relative to foreign missionaries in the land of Kou-fu-tge. This hobo after sojourning (on my own hook) in that celestial land concurs absolutely. And I wish to thank James M. Yard for his logical and astute deductions gathered from an impartial view of the seething revolt against western creeds, plus western corrupt and hypocritical civilizations.

The most tragic point is, that one has to know China and the Chinese to understand the service so greatly rendered by the aforesaid essay. By way of digression, I would say:

"The world is *our* country;
To do good is *our* religion."

instead of the one coined by the immortal deist, Thomas Paine:

"The world is my country;
To do good is my religion."

DANIEL F. O'BRIEN.

Coopersburg, Pa.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

TEN USEFUL BOOKS

In English for the beginner who wants a good working knowledge of China. Selected by Benjamin March, some time Librarian of the Yenching School of Chinese Studies, Peking, China.

1. Marco Polo. Either—Yule, Colonel Sir Henry—The Book of Ser Marco Polo the Venetian. . . . 2 vols. London, 1903—or—The Travels of Marco Polo the Venetian. Everyman Edition, with introduction by John Masefield. . . . London, 1908.
2. Staunton, Sir George—An Authentic Account of an Embassy from the King of Great Britain to the Emperor of China. . . . 2 vols. (in-4.) London, 1797.
3. Huc, M.—The Chinese Empire. . . . 2 vols. London, 1855.
4. Li Ung Bing—Outlines of Chinese History. . . . Shanghai, 1914.
5. Williams, Samuel Wells—The Middle Kingdom. . . . 2 vols. New York, 1907.
6. Russell, Bertrand—The Problem of China. . . . New York, 1922.
7. Giles, Herbert Allen—Confucianism and Its Rivals (Hibbert Lectures, 1914.) . . . London, 1915.
8. Werner, E. T. C.—Myths and Legends of China. . . . London, 1922.
9. Giles, Herbert Allen—A History of Chinese Literature. . . . New York, 1913.
10. Ferguson, John C.—Outlines of Chinese Art. . . . Chicago, 1919.

Marco Polo made Asia real to Europeans, and his work is still a valuable and reliable source-book. Staunton tells a political tale and travel narrative of the embassy of Lord Macartney to the last great ruler of China. The Abbé Huc gives a comprehensive view of west and south China in a fascinating manner. No history yet published in English gives the story of ancient China as revised by modern Chinese scholars, but Li presents well the traditional history as the Chinese have written it. Concerning Williams' standard work one scholar advises, "Reread it every year." Russell's book, now nearly five years old, is still one of the most valuable discussions of modern China. The other four books are none the best that could be written, but each in its field is the most useful single volume yet published in English for the general reader.

Dates given are those of the latest editions or reprints.

DR. WALSH IS SHOWN UP!

We had always imagined that witch-hunting patrioteers were a species of humanity peculiar to the United States. We had respected the rest of the world too much to believe that the business of "exposing" a man who happens to disagree in opinion with oneself, and maligning him as a "red," a seditionist, a traitor, and what not, was anything more than a strictly American industry. But, lo and behold, here in our mail comes evidence that this silly and disreputable business of slandering one's neighbor is flourishing in England also! A paper called *The Patriot* is engaged just now in uncovering disloyalists who are in the pay of Moscow to the end of a revolutionary overthrow of the British Empire. In a series of articles entitled "Some Pacifist Movements," the fourth chapter is devoted to our editorial colleague, Dr. Walter Walsh, and his Free Religious Movement.

We reproduce this chapter herewith, first for the amusement of our readers, secondly as a testimonial of honor to Dr. Walsh, and lastly as a bit of comfort to discouraged Americans that they may see that patriotic idiots are produced in other countries as well as in our own.

It will be noted that the chief indictments against Dr. Walsh are that he "was a pacifist during the War" (like the ex-premier, J. Ramsay MacDonald!), that he has referred to Mahatma Gandhi, that he has paid a tribute to Gene Debs, that he is now interested in China, and that he was congratulated on the tenth anniversary of his Movement by certain friends and well-wishers, including Mr. Holmes. We marvel that Dr. Walsh has not long since been sent to the Tower, and beheaded.

EDITORS.

Some Pacifist Movements

THE FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT

Amongst the numerous organizations which somehow manage to spread anti-British propaganda in their promotion of world peace and brotherhood must be reckoned the Free Religious Movement, whose leader is Dr. Walter Walsh, formerly pastor of a Scottish congregation and afterwards minister of the Theistic Church in London. He was an active pacifist during the war, and in 1916 became the founder in this country of the F.R.M., which had already been in existence for many years in the United States. Meetings are held every Sunday morning at a hall in Notting Hill. The society has no written creed, constitution, or ceremonies, and its teaching, like that of Theosophy, appears to be a kind of *pot-pourri* compounded of fragments of all religions, chiefly those of the East. Its estimate of human nature recalls that of Rousseau, and other philosophers at the time of the French Revolution. One of its guiding principles is said to be "faith in human nature as making for goodness through all phases of moral difference," and it is asserted that "ample wisdom and virtue dwell within the nature of man himself." In an address given in December, 1926, Dr. Walsh makes his attitude to the British Empire quite clear. He says: "It is impossible to cherish for an Empire made up of shreds and patches in every part of the world the same home-love we cherish for a home-land; especially when empire is imposed by force and maintained by military supremacy. The League of Nations is void unless the Imperial Powers are as willing to surrender their sovereign rights as they require the little peoples to be." The

China's National Anthem

The following is an English rendering of the National Song of the Kuomintang Party which is now fighting heroically for the emancipation of China. This song embodies the sentiments of the Revolution of 1911, led Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen, father of the Chinese Republic. Now it has been adopted by China as its National Anthem.

Freedom, one of the greatest blessings of Heaven
United to peace thou wilt work on this Earth
Ten thousand wonderful new things,
Grave as a spirit, great as a giant
Rising to the very skies,
With clouds for a chariot and wind for a steed,
Come, come to reign over this Earth,
For the sake of the black hell of our Slavery,
Come enlighten us with a ray of thy Sun,
White Europe, thou art indeed
The spoiled daughter of Heaven.
Bread, wine—thou hast everything in abundance
For me, I love Liberty as a bride,
Through the day in my thoughts through the night in my dreams,
I survey the woes of my Father-land
But the inconstant nature of Liberty
Prevents me from attaining her,
Alas!—my brethren are all slaves,
The wind is so sweet, the dew is so bright
The flowers are so fragrant,
Men are becoming all Kings—
And yet can we forget what the people are suffering?
At Peking we must bow our head
Before the wolf of an Emperor,
Alas!—Freedom is dead,
Asia the Great is nothing else
But an immense desert.
In this century we are working,
To open a new age.
In this century, with one voice, all virile men
Are calling for a new making of Heaven and Earth,
May the soul of the people to the peak of Kwangtung and Himallayas,
Washington and Napoleon, you two sons of Liberty—
May you become incarnated in the people of Asia.
Hinyun, our ancestor, guide us,
Spirit of Freedom, come and protect us.

Sent to UNITY *by Dr. N. S. Hardiker.*

affinity of the movement with revolutionary activity abroad is also plain. At a service held recently prayers were offered for "the exploited millions of India," and Mahatma Gandhi was quoted as opposed to the "loathsome Imperialism of the British Empire." In another address the well-known American Socialist and Pacifist, Eugene Debs, was referred to as "our own splendid contemporary . . . a pre-eminent lover of his kind." Some of the activities of Mr. Debs were mentioned in *The Patriot* of December 30, 1926.

Just now the movement is concentrating on the troubles in China. A pamphlet entitled "China, Captive or Free?" declares that the Civil War is due to the intrigues of Japan and Great Britain, who are also said to have wheedled and bullied her into the Great War. Pro-Germanism is a recognized mark of "peace" societies, and accordingly on p. 8 of the same publication the following quotation is given from a paper by Dr. Gilbert Reid, founder of the International Institute of China:

"It will be recalled that the German concession at Shangtung was handed over to Japan as part of her payment for joining the Allies in their war against Germany. . . . The immoral influences of the Japanese . . . as compared with the missionary and educational influence of the Germans cause the Chinese to look longingly to the former days of German administration."

At a meeting to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the inauguration of the movement the speakers included Dr. Stanton Coit (Ethical Church), the Rev. J. Tyssul Davies (Theistic Church), Mr. C. T. Gorham (Rationalist Press Association), the Rev. Will Hayes (Unitarian Church, Chatham), Mr. G. P. Simpson (President of the English Bahai Movement), Mr. N. C. Sen (Indian Brahmo Somaj), and Mr. Dimsdale Stocker (Ethical Union). Amongst the congratulations received were messages from Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Dr. David Starr Jordan, and Rabbi Stephen Wise; also from Rabbi Mattuck, Mr. George Lansbury, and Mr. H. G. Wells.

Revolutionary elements are known to be at work behind most demands for universal brotherhood and a universal language; and the revolutionaries are clever enough to help along any movement which adds to the confusion of thought and the destruction of authority as part of the attack on Christian civilization.

M. I. N. M.

RESOLUTION

Whereas, War is recognized under international law as a legal method of settling disputes between nations and is imminent whenever diplomacy fails to adjust international differences; and

Whereas, Each country is impelled to prepare for armed conflict on land and sea at great cost, though such preparation does not prevent but rather often invites war; and

Whereas, All civilized nations desire to be rid of war if security and justice can be otherwise obtained; and

Whereas, There is a substitute method of attaining these objectives and of vindicating national honor that is less disastrous than war and more apt to produce a settlement based upon justice; and

Whereas, Arbitration as a substitute for war has on innumerable occasions demonstrated its capacity to adjust conflicting claims of the utmost importance, where there was a will for peace, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to take the initiative in negotiating treaties with all other governments, beginning with Great Britain, providing

1. For the obligatory arbitration of all pecuniary claims and other legal issues arising out of alleged injury to person or property, and—

2. For the obligatory submission to arbitration, conciliation or mediation of all other disputes which diplomacy may fail to settle, thus outlawing war so far as the contracting parties are concerned.

(Prepared by the American Arbitration Crusade with the assistance of Professor Edwin M. Borchard, Yale University Law School.)

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